

WHEN THE RAIN COMES DOWN.  

---

What are the sights that the robin sees  
When the rain comes down on the dark green trees  
And on leaf and needle, on branch and bough,  
The globules trickle, and pause, and roll,  
When the rain comes down on the trees?

These are the sights that the robin sees  
When the rain comes down on the dark green trees,  
And from leaf and needle, from branch and bough  
The diamond drops come filtering through  
When the rain comes down on the trees.

The wind-flower hanging a pearl-rimmed head  
Where the wet moss covers its story bed  
While the cowslip lifteth its gleaming cup  
Some share of the hurrying drops to sup  
When the rain comes down on the trees.

And the lambs close thronged by the dark-stemmed plane  
With ears low-dropped, in the long green lane,  
While there by the brink of the whispering rill,  
The dog-tooth violet drinks its fill  
Of the rain that comes down on the trees.

And the king-bird trailing his strong-barred wings  
While out in the clearing a sparrow sings ;  
And the robin's mate turns his eyes' bright rim  
On the sward that wide-spread dark vans skim  
While the rain comes down on the trees.

And here in the orchard—a shaft all gold—  
An oriole slipping from hold to hold  
Whose swift wings spill from the pink-lipped bloom  
A something half rain-drop and half perfume  
While the rain comes down on the trees.

Such are the sights that the robin sees  
While the rain comes down on the dark green trees  
And hill and valley, and plain and wold,  
Are wrapped in the thin gray glittering fold  
Of the rain that comes down on the trees.

—Selected.